THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, Auguſt 12, 1805.

Hints towards forming a Bill for the Abolition of the White Female Slave Trade, in the Cities of London and Weſtminſter.

WHEREAS many members of both houſes of parliament have long been indefatigably labouring to bring in a bill for the amelioration of the condition of ſlaves in our foreign plantations, as well as for the abolition of the trade itſelf; by which trade multitudes of freſh ſlaves are annually made: and whereas it is preſumed that the profound attention of theſe grave legiſlators to this great foreign evil prevents their attending to domeſtic grievances of the ſame nature; it is, therefore, humbly propoſed, that whilſt theſe benevolent ſenators are thus meritoriouſly labouring for the deliverance of our black brethren, the printer will, as in duty bound, inſert theſe looſe hints of a bill for the abolition of ſlavery at home; a ſlavery which, in ſome few inſtances, it is feared, may be found to involve the wives, daughters, aunts, nieces, couſins, and grandmothers, even of thoſe very zealous African abolitioniſts themſelves.

In our Weſt India plantations the lot of ſlaves is of all deſcriptions; here, it is uniform. There, there are diverſities of maſters; if ſome are cruel, others are kind; and the worſt are mortal: here, there is one, arbitrary, univerſal tyrant, and like the lama of Thibet he never dies. Faſhion is his name. Here, indeed, the original ſubjection is voluntary, but, once engaged, the ſubſequent ſervility of the ſlaves keeps pace with the tyranny of the deſpot. They hug their chains, and becauſe they are gilt and ſhining, this prevents them, not from feeling, but from acknowledging that they are heavy. With aſtoniſhing fortitude they carry them about, not only without repining, but as their

glory and diſtinction. A few females are every where to be found who have manfully reſiſted the tyrant, but *they are people whom nobody knows;* as the free people are the minority, and as, in this one inſtance, the minority are peaceable perſons, no one envies them an exemption from chains, and their freedom is conſidered only as a proof of their inſignificance.

I propoſe to take up the queſtion on the two notorious grounds of *inhumanity* and *impolicy:* and firſt of the firſt, as our good old divines ſay. Here are great multitudes of beautiful white creatures, forced away, like their prototypes in Africa, from all the endearing connections of domeſtic life, ſeparated from their huſbands, dragged from their children, 'till theſe laſt are old enough to be alſo engaged as ſlaves in the ſame labour: nay, in ſome reſpects, their condition is worſe than that of their African brethren; for, if they are leſs reſtricted in the article of food, they are more abridged in that of reſt. It is well known that in ſome of our foreign plantations, under mild maſters, the ſlaves have, in one inſtance, more indulgence than the Engliſh deſpot here allows. Some of them have at leaſt the Sunday to themſelves, in which they may either ſerve God, or attend to their own families. Here, the tyrant allows of no ſuch alleviation. So far from it, his rigour peculiarly aſſigns the ſabbath for acts of ſuperior fatigue and exertion, ſuch as long journies, crowded markets, &c. And whereas, in our foreign plantations, ſlaves too frequently do the work of horſes; in the ſyſtem of domeſtic ſlavery, horſes partake of the labour of the ſlave without diminiſhing his ſufferings; many hundreds being regularly condemned, after the labours of the day are cloſed, to tranſport the ſlaves to the ſcene of their nightly labours, which ſcene ſhifts ſo often, that there is ſcarcely an interval of reſt; ſo that the poor animals are expoſed the greater part of the night to all the rigours of a northern winter.

Again—If the African ſlaves go nearly naked, their burning clime prevents the want of covering from being one of their greateſt hardſhips: whereas, though the female ſlaves of London and Weſtminſter were aforetime comfortably cloathed, and were allowed by the deſpot to accommodate their dreſs to the ſeaſon, wearing the lighteſt raiment in the hotteſt weather, and thick ſilks trimmed with ſkins of beaſts in cold and froſt; now nakedneſs is of all ſeaſons, and many of the moſt delicate females are allowed ſo little clothing as to give pain to the humane beholder. In the moſt rigorous ſeaſons they are ſo expoſed as to endanger their own health, and ſhock the feelings of others.

The younger ſlaves are condemned to violent bodily labour, from midnight to ſunriſe. For this public ſervice they are many years preparing by a ſevere drill under a great variety and ſucceſſion of poſture maſters. More compaſſion, indeed, ſeems to

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be ſhewn to the more aged ſlaves, who are nightly allowed to ſit, and do their work at a multitude of tables provided for that purpoſe. Some of theſe employments are quiet enough, well ſuited to weakneſs and imbecility, and juſt ſerve to keep the ſlaves out of harm's way; but at other tables, the labour of the ſlaves is moſt ſevere; and though you cannot perceive their fetters, yet they muſt undoubtedly be chained to the ſpot, as appears by their inability to quit it; for by their long continuance in the ſame attitude one can hardly ſuppoſe them to be at liberty. But if their bodies labour leſs than thoſe of the more active ſlaves, they ſeem to ſuffer the ſevereſt agitations of mind; their colour often changes, their lips tremble, and their voice faulters; and no wonder, for ſometimes all they have in the world is at ſtake, and depends on the next ſlight motion of the hand. In one reſpect the compariſon between the African, and this part of the London ſlave trade fails: the former, though incompatible with the *ſpirit* of our laws, yet is not, alas! carried on in direct oppoſition to the *letter* of them; whereas theſe tables, at which ſome of the Engliſh ſlaves are ſo cruelly exerciſed, have the cannon of an act of parliament planted directly in their face: and the oddity of the thing is, that the act is not, as in moſt other caſes, made by one ſet of people and broken by another, but in many inſtances the law-maker is the law-breaker.

Many of theſe elderly female ſlaves excuſe their conſtant attendance in the public markets, (for it is thought that, at a certain age, they might be emancipated if they wiſhed it,) by aſſerting the neceſſity of their attendance 'till their daughters are diſpoſed of. They are often heard to lament the hardſhip of this ſlavery, and to anticipate the final period of their labours; but it is obſervable, that not only when their daughters, but even their grand-daughters, are taken off their hands, they ſtill continue, from the mere force of habit, and when they are paſt their labour, to hover about the markets.

A multitude of fine freſh young ſlaves are annually imported at the age of ſeventeen or eighteen; or, according to the phraſe of the deſpot, *they come out*. This deſpot ſo completely takes them in as to make theſe lovely young creatures believe that the aſſigned period at which they loſe the gaiety and independence of their former free life is, in fact, the day of their emancipation.

I come now to the queſtion of *impolicy*. This white ſlavery, like the black, is evidently an injury to fair and lawful commerce, for the time ſpent in training and overworking theſe fair ſlaves might be better employed in promoting the more profitable articles of health, beauty, ſimplicity, modeſty, and induſtry; articles which many think would fetch a higher price, and by which traffic, both the ſlave and the ſlave owner would be mutually benefitted.

Thoſe who take up this queſtion on this ground maintain alſo that it does not anſwer to the ſlave-holders; for that the markets are ſo glutted that there is leſs chance of a good bargain, in the beſt ſenſe of the word, where there are ſo many competitors, and where there is ſo little opportunity of diſcriminating, than if the young ſlaves were diſpoſed of by private contract; in which the reſpective value of each individual could be more exactly aſcertained.

In the article of policy alſo, the ſlaves themſelves are not only great loſers; youth and beauty, by this promiſcuous huddling of ſlaves together, failing to attract attention; but moreover youth and beauty are ſo ſoon impaired by hard labour, foul air, and late hours, that thoſe who are not early diſpoſed of, on the novelty of a firſt appearance, ſoon become withered, and are apt to lie a good while upon hands.

One ſtrong argument brought to prove the impolicy of the African ſlave trade is, that it is a moſt improvident waſte of the human ſpecies. What devaſtation is made in the human frame among our white ſlaves, by working over hours, by loſs of ſleep, want of clothing, fetid atmoſpheres, being crammed in the holds of ſmaller ſhips without their proper proportion of inches—what havoc, I ſay, is made by all thoſe, and many other cauſes, let all the various baths and watering places, to which theſe poor exhauſted ſlaves are ſent every ſummer to recruit, after the working ſeaſon is over, declare.

Some candid members have hoped for a *gradual* abolition, concluding that if no interference took place, the evil was become ſo great, it muſt needs be cured by its very exceſs; the event, however, has proved ſo far otherwiſe, that the grievance is actually grown worſe and worſe.

And whereas, aforetime, the ſlaves were comfortably covered, and were not obliged to labour through the *whole* night, nor to labour *every* night, nor to labour at ſeveral places in the *ſame* night; and whereas, aforetime, the hold in which they were confined was not obliged to receive more ſlaves than it could contain; it is now a notorious fact, that their cloathing is ſtripped off in the ſevereſt weather; that their labours are protracted 'till the morning; and that ſince the late great increaſe of trade, three hundred panting ſlaves are often crammed into an area which cannot conveniently accommodate more than fourſcore, to the great damage of the healths and lives of his majeſty's fair and faithful ſubjects.

From all the above cauſes it is evident, that the white ſlave trade has increaſed, is increaſing, and ought to be diminiſhed.

'Till, therefore, there be ſome hope that a complete abolition may be effected, the following regulations are humbly propoſed.

Regulation

Regulation 1ſt. That no ſlave be allowed to ſpend more than three hours in preparing her chains, beads, and other implements for the nightly labour.

2d. That no ſlave be allowed to paint her perſon of more than two colours for any market.

3d. That each ſlave be at leaſt allowed ſufficient covering for the purpoſes of decency, if not for thoſe of health and comfort.

4th. That no ſlave be put under more than four poſture maſters, in order to teach her ſuch attitudes and exerciſes as ſhall enable her to fetch more money in the markets.

5th. That no ſlave be carried to more than three markets on the ſame night.

6th. That no trader be allowed to preſs more ſlaves into one hold than three times as many as it will contain.

7th. That the ſame regard to comfort, which has led the black factor to allow the African ſlaves a ton to a man, be extended to the white ſlaves, not allowing them leſs than one chair to five ſlaves.

8th. That no white negro driver or horſes be allowed to ſtand in the ſtreet more than five hours in a dry night, or four in a rainy one.

9th. That every elderly female ſlave, as ſoon as her youngeſt grandchild is fairly diſpoſed of, be permitted to retire from her more public labours, without any fine or loſs of character, or any other puniſhment from the deſpot.

To conclude. The black ſlave trade has been taken up by its oppoſers, not only on the ground of *inhumanity* and *impolicy*, but on that of *religion* alſo. On the two firſt points alone have I ventured to examine the queſtion of the white ſlave trade. It would be a folly to enquire into it on this laſt principle; it can admit of no ſuch diſcuſſion, as in this view it could not ſtand its ground for a ſingle moment; for if that principle were allowed to operate, mitigations, nearly approaching to abolition, muſt inevitably and immediately take place.

AN ENEMY TO ALL SLAVERY.

DESCRIPTION *of* TEIGNMOUTH *and its* VICINITY.

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

TEIGNMOUTH, a conſiderable ſea-port and watering place in Devonſhire, is, as its name imports, ſituated at the entrance of the river Teing, which takes its riſe in the foreſt of Dartmoor. It is beautifully ſituated for its command of the ſea, having in its front the entrance of the river Loe, with the adjoining white rocks near Budley and Sidmouth; the weſtern

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ſide commanding the entrance into Torbay. The mouth of the harbour has a bar, which makes it difficult to enter, but there is good anchorage within; and the river is richly ornamented on each ſide, ſo far up as Newton Buſhel, with numerous villages, and hills and valleys of fine verdure. There is a paſſage-boat from Teignmouth to Shaldown, on the oppoſite ſide of the river, which is a place chiefly inhabited by Newfoundland merchants, and fiſhermen. About a mile from this is Ringmore, whoſe inhabitants are of the ſame claſs; but ſhip-building is carried on, in addition, with much ſucceſs. Theſe two places appear as branches belonging to Teignmouth, and have riſen into repute only a few years ſince. There are ſome lodging-houſes at each; but the inconvenience of the paſſage over prevents their increaſing very rapidly. The Neſs, juſt by the bar, on this ſide the water, is a romantic maſs of large ſtones, abounding with the limpet, or *patella vulgaris*, and the common muſcle; and Stoke Common, which cauſes many a weary walk, affords a delightful proſpect of the ſurrounding country, amply compenſating the trouble of aſcending to it. We here meet with numerous ſpecimens of the *erica*.

Teignmouth is divided into two pariſhes, called eaſt and weſt, and contains about twelve or fourteen hundred inhabitants. The church at Eaſt Teignmouth is cloſe to the water-ſide, and is conſidered to have been built by the Saxons or Danes. It is not only very gloomy, but inconvenient and irregular. The church at Weſt Teignmouth is modern-built, and ſomething like a croſs; and the roof is curiouſly ſupported by branches from a pillar in the centre, ſimilar to the wire-work of an umbrella. The town is incommodious in general; the ſtreets are narrow, dark, and dirty, and without order or ſtyle of building moſt confuſed and taſteleſs; perhaps lath and plaiſter coloured yellow or white, with green doors and window-frames; but as it is not frequented for the comforts of a happy fire-ſide, the walk, as it is called, and the various ſurrounding proſpects compenſate for every other inconvenience.

This name is given to an excellent gravelled path, of about ſix-hundred feet in length, by the ſide of the ſea, whoſe margin preſents a moſt beautiful hardened beach of fine ſand, continuing upwards of two miles in length, towards one end of which the rocks gradually riſe to eighty or one hundred feet, preſenting here and there, as a relief to their majeſtic rugged front, patches of elegant verdure. The conchologiſt meets with few ſhells worth notice: in general they are of the moſt common ſpecies.

The bathing-machines are numerous, and are run into the water with very little trouble by women, as the ſlope is gradual: they are much uſed by invalids, as well as a warm ſalt-water bath, which has lately been erected. The town has twice been

nearly deſtroyed by the French; and at Eaſt Teignmouth, in front of the Bella Viſta, when the winds have much diſperſed the ſands, the ſites of ſome of the houſes are to be ſeen. This has occaſioned an obſervation, that the ſea gains on our weſtern coaſt, becauſe here it often paſſes where houſes formerly ſtood; but it ſhould be remarked, that the preſent buildings are often inundated by the water; and if they were not erected, it would make a ſtill farther progreſs into the town; for it is only on a ſtrong eaſterly wind and ſpring tides that the ſea breaks ſo high, high-water mark being conſiderably below where the ruins appear.

The ſhipping belonging here is under the management of the cuſtom-houſe at Exeter. The Newfoundland trade was followed with great advantage ſome years ago, but is not now ſo extenſive; and this decline is not applicable here only, but to the other ports in the neighbourhood, ſuch as Topſham and Dartmouth, the latter of which was once the moſt conſiderable, but is now leſs than Teignmouth; and the Topſham merchants are no longer known. A conſiderable coaſting-trade is carried on with Liverpool, the veſſels loading with white clay for the potteries in the north, and returning with coal, ſalt, &c. for the weſt. The article of clay has within theſe few years become a valuable product to the owners of land in the pariſh of Teing Grace, and Kingſteinton. It is dug in pieces of about twelve inches ſquare, ſometimes meeting with a vein containing many tons, and in general very near the ſurface of the earth, ſo that not much land is deſtroyed to come at it, as the chaſms are ſoon filled up, and ſown with graſs. It is and has long been a ſubject of wonder, why a pottery for white earthen ware cannot be eſtabliſhed immediately on the ſpot where the clay is dug? But the fact is, that fuel is in Devonſhire ſo expenſive, as not to admit the carrying on a trade of this ſort; and the inhabitants are content to ſend off the raw materials to the diſtance of two or three hundred miles, to be manufactured, and returned to them for their own uſe. There is, indeed, a pottery on a very ſmall ſcale, at Bovey, juſt by the pits, where is found a coal, but of a peculiar quality, and not affording a ſufficiency for the purpoſe, without an amazing expence, which deſtroys the profit.—This coal is defined to be of a brown, or browniſh black colour, and of a laminar texture; the laminæ are frequently flexible when freſh dug; though they generally harden on expoſure to air. Its organic ſtructure is diſcovered by boiling it in dilute nitrous acid, by which its fibres are laid bare. It ſeems to conſiſt of wood penetrated by petroleum or bitumen, and frequently contains pyrites, alum, and vitriol.

As the Teing abounds with fine ſalmon in particular, the poorer people of Shaldown and Ringmore chiefly ſubſiſt by their ſeans; their right of fiſhing is granted by Lord Clifford at

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an annual rent. They are drawn by women, who appear to be of a hardy race, though now (I am told) ſomewhat degenerated, ſince they have been known to undertake the pilotage of ſhips in and out of the harbour equally with the men. The lower order at Teignmouth get their livelihood by fiſhing in the ſummer ſeaſon; in the winter they are partly maintained by the pariſh, as the profits of their hard labour will not enable them to lay up ſcarcely ever any thing for the winter ſubſiſtence. It is amuſing to ſee the various emotions of theſe people while they are hauling the ſean; the attention paid by each of them to draw it regularly; the expreſſions of the hope of ſucceſs, and of the diſappointment of failure, with the peculiar dreſs of the women, always attract more or leſs the attention of the ſtranger. There are trawl-boats belonging to the harbour, who put ſome diſtance to ſea; they are generally about twenty tons burthen, with three hands on board; theſe bring in the ſuperior ſorts of fiſh, ſuch as the turbot, kite, ſoal, plaice, &c. and on their diſpoſing of their "luck," as much art is uſed between them and their cuſtomers who carry it to market, as is afterwards uſed by them and the houſekeeper. It is not to be wondered at, that the late unfortunate Morland could furniſh his beſt ſketches from ſuch ſcenes as theſe: they are conſtantly producing new characters for the pencil of the genius of nature.

I could not forbear noticing one morning, when by the ſide of the fiſherwomen, the remnant of ſuperſtitious belief in a *charm;* a girl who aſſiſted them, was holding very quietly her hand to a man, who muttered ſomething to himſelf while he gently rubbed the top of a finger. On enquiry what this meant, I was told that ſhe had been ſtung by a fiſh; that this man and two or three more only in the town poſſeſſed the divine art of curing it in the manner he was practiſing, and that he never failed of performing it. At the cloſe of the ſame day, I met the patient at her employment, and inquired whether ſhe was healed or not? She replied, yes, or elſe ſhe ſhould not have been able to attend her work. As it was ſo ſingular a thing, I often talked of it to ſome or other of theſe people, and found that frequently this little fiſh infuſed its poiſon ſo deeply, as not only to occaſion the part wounded to ſwell, but alſo to inflame the whole body to a dangerous degree, occaſioning, for many hours, a deprivation of the ſenſes almoſt to delirium, and requiring medical and ſurgical aſſiſtance. Another time I met a mother with her child, about ſix years old, who had been playing with one of the fiſh, which ſtung her in the hand; ſhe was alarmed leſt it might occaſion its death: a few days afterwards I ſaw this woman on the beach, repairing her net, and enquired for the child: ſhe ſhowed it to me, ſaying, that ſhe gave it ſome drops of Daffy's Elixir, which prevented its being very ill, but that for many hours the pain had been ſo

great, that the child was in fits; its hand was then much ſwollen and inflamed.

The excurſions by water in the vicinity of Teignmouth are numerous, either up the river Teing, or in the channel. If to the eaſtward, it is a pleaſant ſail down to Torbay. Along the coaſt the voyager paſſes in view the pretty pariſh of Mary Church, ſituated juſt behind a high rock of limeſtone, which lines the ſhore nearly to the entrance of the bay; and the romantic retreat called the Barbican, in the corner of a ſmall bay of that name. Near this is a quarry where very fine marble has within theſe few years been found and worked with great advantage by ſome of the ſtatuaries in Exeter. Below are the inexhauſtible rocks that ſupply the eaſtern part of Devon with lime for all the purpoſes of building and agriculture. If a party land at the termination of theſe rocks, and aſcends one of them, they are eaſily conducted to the famous cavern called Kent's Hole, whoſe ſituation has long attracted the curious ſubterranean explorer. It is ſituated at the foot of a rock, and has two entrances, around which grow various plants, and among them the deadly night-ſhade. The largeſt and beſt entrance is about four feet high, and continuing about twelve feet terminates in a chamber, with a deſcent leading on to the other vaults, ſometimes the paſſage being only high enough for a perſon to creep along, ſuddenly leading into an apartment ſpacious enough to contain a hundred perſons. There are five of theſe, but the largeſt is at the end of an entrance two hundred feet long, which barely admits a perſon going through; this is called the Oven, and here we meet with a lake of water, which prevents a farther progreſs. The whole cavern is hung with petrifaction, glittering with a beautiful appearance when the party chances to diſperſe, and throw their lights in various directions in a place where darkneſs is truly viſible; for it is neceſſary that every one who ventures in ſhould take a light to prevent accidents by foul air, &c. Attempts have been made to work the ſtones and ſpars, but they do not prove ornamental.

The Thatcher and Axſtone rocks, at the mouth of the bay, command a fine view of the channel, and afford rabbits and various birds for the amuſement of the ſportſman. From Teignmouth up the channel is Dawliſh, the Warren, Exmouth, Starcroſs, Powderham Caſtle (the ſeat of Lord Viſcount Courtenay), and a variety of places to diverſify the *tedium* of a reſidence at a watering-place. The air of Teignmouth is ſtrong, but more preferred for ſalubrity than the other towns on the coaſt, needing no other proof than its increaſing yearly in houſes and population.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

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FEMALE FASHIONS.

For Walking.

A Cottage bonnet lined with pink bloſſom-coloured ſilk, with bows of the ſame, or one of lilac, or azure ſilk covered with ſpotted leno; but large ſtraw hats are more approved than either, ſurrounded with pale wreaths of flowers in full bloom. Short dreſſes of fawn-coloured and purple taffeta or ſarſnet, are coming greatly into vogue, and ſince thread and cotton lace are become ſo cheap, theſe dreſſes are trimmed with beautiful blond, plaited round the pocket-holes and boſom. Spaniſh cloaks with real lace either plain or lined with ſilk; leno ſcarfs; cloaks of new and beautiful manufacture, of thin yellow taffeta, ſpotted with black or white, are greatly in vogue; fawn-coloured gloves and ſhoes compleat the dreſs.

For Full Dress.

A long robe of pink or chocolate-coloured leno, trimmed with blond lace, petticoat of white figured ſarſnet, or with an oblique ſatin ſtripe, or tunic of ſilver muſlin and long train petticoat vandyked with ſilver; the tunic to be left open, and a veſt appertaining to the petticoat made to ſit cloſe to the ſhape, and vandyked with ſilver round the boſom; turbans ſtill continue to be admired, to which an argus feather is ſometimes added; wigs are at all events exploded, and when no turban is worn, the head is ornamented with beads, creſcents, combs, or flowers.

General Remarks.

We have obſerved among a few of the higheſt ranks of females, a ſort of apron, (we believe the faſhion to be French), compoſed either of white crape or Perſian, extremely ſhort, with two pocket-holes, made to reach, though with a little fulneſs behind, all round the waiſt, and to tie with long bows of ribbon; it is trimmed all round with lace, and has a beautiful and novel effect. The hair is ſtill (in defiance of beauty and grace), worn by many a la Madona, and a countenance of the utmoſt *fierté*, or of the moſt decided vacancy, adopts and continues it with equal perſeverance. Of trowſers, here and there we obſerve a few, not (we regret to ſay) among thoſe who would become them moſt. They are chiefly worn at balls, and with proper effect. The *white* roſe has chaced the *red* from the toilette of our belles, but we truſt, that after their ſummer excurſions ſhall have renovated their *health*, to ſee it reſtored.

DESCRIPTION

DESCRIPTION *of a* BARROW *at* DARTMOOR.

To the EDITOR,

SIR,

IT is not, at preſent, my intention to enter fully into the hiſtory of the barrow or tumulus of the ancients, but only to point out a remarkable variety which I diſcovered in one I cauſed to be opened.

Dartmoor, a wild and waſte tract of land, of great extent, in Devonſhire, contains many hills of very conſiderable elevation, whoſe ſummits are crowned by a great number of barrows or tumuli, conſtructed with large blocks and fragments of granite (provincially termed moor-ſtone), every where met with in vaſt quantities.

On opening one, in the ſummer of 1802, of very large dimenſions, nearly twenty feet high, I was ſtruck with the great peculiarity of its formation. We began by opening the apex, and in this manner gradually deſcended nearly ten feet, when I was extremely ſurpriſed to meet with the natural karn, which had not been diſturbed; fortunately, on further examination, we were enabled to get lower, by one of its ſides, which exhibited a ſmooth ſurface (comparatively ſpeaking), vertically placed: getting ſtill lower, a moſt curious arrangement preſented itſelf—a kind of cell or kiſtvaen, formed by a number of columnar pieces of granite, having one end reſting on a ledge of the natural karn, whilſt the other was ſupported by a ſort of wall of ſtones, piled on each other, of a ſemicircular ſhape, joining the rock at each extremity. Nothing was found in this cavity except a ſmall quantity of dark coloured aſhes, and ſome bony fragments known to anatomiſts, by being the occipital bone of the cranium, and ſmall portions of the radius and ulna, of the human body.

I have had ſeveral others opened in this neighbourhood, but never found any like the one under conſideration. They were all of the general mode of conſtruction, and differed only in the form of the kiſtvaen, and nature of their contents; which were, in one or two inſtances, deſerving particular notice. I ſhall not, however, treſpaſs on the reader's patience by any further remark on them in this paper.

I do not recollect ever hearing of a barrow of a ſimilar conſtruction having been examined; but ſhould I be miſtaken, I have only to add, that this inſtance muſt be conſidered as a further confirmation of the varied ſtructure of the barrow.

S.

April 14, 1805.

The HISTORY *of* ALPHONSO *and* ISABELLA.

IN the province of Catalonia, near the town of Lerida, in Spain, lived Don Pedro D'Almadovar. He was a nobleman of an elegant and accompliſhed mind, having paſſed the earlier part of his life at court; and had now retired to his caſtle, to enjoy the pleaſures of a country life. His offspring, conſiſted of an only ſon, called Don Alphonſo Manrique; the heir of his father's virtues, as well as of his fortunes.

It happened, that in the ſame neighbourhood, a few miles from the caſtle of Don Pedro, reſided Don Ambroſe de Fuentes; a gentleman of an ancient deſcent, and large eſtate.

As the families were both rich and noble, and reſided within a moderate diſtance of each other, they lived upon the moſt friendly and agreeable footing. They frequently viſited one another at their reſpective caſtles; and continued together, in thoſe charming abodes, for many days; taſting the delights that cultivated converſation, and change of ſcene, are calculated to afford.

Don Ambroſe was a widower, and had a daughter ſomewhat younger than Alphonſo, who was alſo an only child. She was named Iſabella, and was juſtly the delight of her father, becauſe ſhe was the beautiful repreſentative of her mother. When Don Pedro viſited at the caſtle of Aranjuex, he frequently carried with him the young Alphonſo, his ſon; who was generally, on theſe occaſions, introduced to the company of Donna Iſabella, as a perſon whoſe age and purſuits ſuited beſt with his own; and was ſuffered to ramble with her through the grounds adjoining to the caſtle, under the inſpection of a faithful attendant.

Amongſt theſe ſcenes of innocence, and rural pleaſure, the young people enjoyed the moſt exquiſite flow of ſpirits. They became neceſſary to each other's happineſs; and were inſpired with a mutual paſſion, of which they could ſcarcely trace the origin, but which gradually increaſed with increaſing years.

This attachment of the children did not eſcape the notice of the parents. They were gratified with the proſpect it afforded of conſolidating the ancient friendſhip of their houſes; and they experienced additional pleaſure in the thought, that the partiality their children thus manifeſted for each other, was the reſult of choice rather than authority.

Some years had rolled away in this ſtate of innocent delight, when Don Alphonſo obſerved with rapture, that period faſt approaching, which would unite him for ever to his beloved Iſabella.

As both Don Alphonſo however, and his father, poſſeſſed a ſtrong tincture of the military ſpirit of the age in which they lived, it was by each deemed requiſite, that Don Alphonſo ſhould

ſerve

ſervè one campaign, at leaſt, under ſome celebrated commander, previous to his marriage; to take a ſhare in the great tranſactions that were then paſſing on the theatre of Europe; and to render him more worthy of Iſabella. Impreſſed with theſe ſentiments, he determined to enliſt under the banners of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, the greateſt captain of the age, who was then warring againſt the French in Italy.

Don Alphonſo communicated this determination to his miſtreſs, obſerving at the ſame time, "that a life of inglorious eaſe, whilſt his countrymen were fighting for renown, would ill qualify him to partake of her deſtiny."

Iſabella received the intelligence of this reſolution with an heavy heart, but ſhe endeavoured to reſtrain her feelings; "Go," ſays ſhe, "Don Alphonſo, ſince you ſay your departure is neceſſary to your glory; but a ſtrong preſentiment pervades my mind, that we ſhall meet no more." It was ſettled between them that they ſhould correſpond by letter; and Alphonſo promiſed to omit no opportunity of letting her hear from him.

Iſabella had been carefully inſtructed in the principles of religion, to which ſhe had a natural propenſity, by Father Juan, confeſſor to her family. This good man had known, and admired her from her infancy; and it had been his higheſt ambition to inſtil into her amiable and intelligent mind, an happy reſignation to the will of providence. Her chief pleaſure, in the abſence of Alphonſo, was to liſten to his diſcourſe; to hear him reaſon of a future ſtate; and to receive from him thoſe maxims of piety, which were of ſuch ſervice to her, through the ſubſequent courſe of her life.

To diſſipate the melancholy with which the abſence of Alphonſo had oppreſſed her, Iſabella would ſometimes reſort to the wild retreats where ſhe had formerly rambled with him. But, alas! the beauties of nature had few charms for a mind ill at eaſe with itſelf. She knew not how it was, but to her it appeared, that the woods were neither ſo refreſhing, nor the birds ſo melodious, nor the meadows ſo green, as they formerly were. The face of nature did not dance before her, and inſpire her with that lively joy ſhe experienced when ſhe wandered through thoſe ſcenes in company with Alphonſo; and her only ſolid ſatisfaction was ſtill derived from the exhortations of Father Juan.

In the mean time Alphonſo repaired to his regiment in Italy. Here, as the ſervice was active he had an opportunity of diſplaying his courage, and of acquiring a conſiderable inſight into the art of war. He took a ſhare in ſeveral engagements which followed ſhortly after his arrival in that country: whilſt the Impérialiſts were endeavouring to drive the French from the Milaneſe. In one action, it is ſtated, that by a ſkilful and bold manœuvre,

nœuvre, he recovered a poſt taken by the enemy, and thus ſaved the left wing of the emperor's army from deſtruction.

For a long time Alphonſo was fortunate in his military career. At length, however, in a battle, in which the Imperialiſts were routed by the French, he received a dangerous wound, and fell upon a heap of ſlain. His friends, who were compelled to retreat, left him on the field, not doubting but he was killed.

Alphonſo, it is true, was deſperately wounded, but he was not dead. He lay for ſeveral hours after the engagement in a ſtate of inſenſibility, and in this condition was found by a neighbouring peaſant, who judging him to be of conſequence from the ſplendour of his uniform, conveyed him to the houſe of the curate of the pariſh, where it was long uncertain what would be his fate.

During this interval, the report of Alphonſo's death had reached the caſtle of Aranjuez. Don Ambroſe was overwhelmed with grief upon the occaſion, and requeſted Father Juan to announce the melancholy news to his daughter. The confeſſor obeyed; and ſending to ſummon Iſabella to his confeſſional, "Daughter," ſays he, as ſoon as ſhe arrived, "I have intelligence to communicate, that will put to the teſt thoſe principles of reſignation, with which I have endeavoured to fortify your mind. It has pleaſed providence, we hear, to call to a better ſtate of exiſtence our dear Alphonſo, who has fallen in the ſervice of his country."

Iſabella received this news as a perſon not wholly unprepared for the event, but whoſe happineſs, in conſequence of it, was totally deſtroyed. After an awful ſilence, in which her feelings appeared too big for utterance, ſhe replied with firmneſs, "Father, my reſolution is taken; nor is that reſolution the offspring of paſſion or caprice. From the firſt moment that Alphonſo entered into this dangerous ſervice, the contemplation of his death has never been entirely abſent from my mind, and I determined, in caſe that event took place, to renounce the world, and dedicate myſelf to Heaven."

Father Juan applauded her reſolution, but adviſed her not to be precipitate. "You are yet young, (ſays he) and may not, perhaps, be thoroughly acquainted with your own mind. In an affair of ſuch moment, it were adviſeable to pauſe a little; for having given ourſelves to God, we muſt not look back to the world. Beſides, (he added), it is not certain that Alphonſo is dead; this report ſhould, at leaſt, be previouſly confirmed."

Iſabella promiſed that ſhe would wait until the melancholy intelligence were more firmly eſtabliſhed; but aſſured the father, that ſhe ſubmitted to this delay, rather out of reſpect to his advice, than from any hope of Alphonſo's ſafety, with which ſhe ventured to flatter herſelf,

When

When Don Ambroſe firſt heard of the intention of his daughter to enter into a convent, he became unconſolable; and did every thing in his power to diſſuade her from her reſolution, but without effect.

Soon after this, the father of Alphonſo received a letter from an officer of his ſon's regiment, who was well known to him, ſtating that Alphonſo was killed in ſuch an action; that he ſtood near him during the engagement, and ſaw him fall.

This information was conſidered as authentic; and Don Ambroſe, finding his daughter ſtill inflexible in her reſolution of taking the veil, no longer oppoſed her wiſhes. As her intention was to ſeclude herſelf entirely from the world, that ſhe might attain this object more effectually, it was agreed between Don Ambroſe and Father Juan, at the ſuggeſtion of Iſabella herſelf, that ſhe ſhould be placed in ſome remote convent, known only to themſelves.

In purſuance of this reſolution, Father Juan wrote to a friend in the north of Italy, a celebrated confeſſor; to whom the family of Iſabella was known; informing him of her wiſhes, and entreating that he would recommend ſome convent in his neighbourhood, in which this lady might with propriety be placed. The confeſſor recommended a ſociety of the order of St. Bridget, whoſe ſuperior, Donna Clara de Carvagal, a Spaniſh lady of family, was diſtinguiſhed for her exemplary piety, and ſtrict attention to the duties of her ſtation. At the requeſt of Father Juan, a lay-ſiſter was ſent by Donna Clara into Spain, to conduct Iſabella to her convent, with all ſecrecy and diſpatch.

When the morning came that was to convey Iſabella from Aranjeuz, to the convent of La Roche, Don Ambroſe, Father Juan, Iſabella herſelf, and moſt of the domeſtics, were aſſembled in the chapel of the caſtle, to attend divine ſervice. As ſoon as this was over, Iſabella confeſſed herſelf to Father Juan, and received his benediction in a manner that drew tears from the eyes of all preſent. But when the fatal moment arrived, in which ſhe was about to ſtep into her carriage, Don Ambroſe's reſolution forſook him, he claſped his daughter in his arms, and could hardly be perſuaded to relinquiſh her.

At length, Father Juan prevailed with him to ſuffer her departure; but ſo overcome was he with grief, that he was compelled to ſolicit this good eccleſiaſtic to ſupport his daughter to her carriage, to which, in truth, ſhe was unable to ſupport herſelf. As they were retiring from the room, Iſabella thanked the confeſſor, in broken accents, for his attentions to her ſpiritual welfare; "and now, Sir," ſays ſhe, "I have only to requeſt, that you will comfort the declining years of my father, and ever remember me in your prayers."

Iſabella arrived in Italy without any thing worthy of remark. After ſhe had reſided a ſhort time in the convent of La Roche,

ſhe was ſo captivated with the tranquillity of the ſcene, that ſhe determined to take the vows, without conforming to the regular noviciate: and was accordingly admitted to the veil with the uſual ſolemnities.

Intelligence of this event was communicated to her father in a letter from the abbeſs. Don Ambroſe thought his daughter premature in this matter; but as the act which had now taken place was irrevocable, he alſo thought, that he ſhould beſt promote her ſpiritual welfare, by rendering her retreat as impenetrable as poſſible; and thus ſecuring her againſt the enquiries of friends, who might occaſionally interrupt her religious exerciſes. He therefore gave out, that ſhe had died ſuddenly, at a relation's houſe in Italy; whither ſhe had gone for the recovery of her health.

(To be concluded in our next.)

CURIOUS DISCOVERIES.

A Short time ſince, ſome labourers employed in digging for flints on the South Downs, near Clayton windmill, a few miles from Lewes, in Suſſex, diſcovered, lying near each other, about a foot under the ſod, eight large celts, dexterouſly chipped. Celts were uſed by the aboriginal inhabitants before the uſe of iron was known in this iſland, both as carpenters'tools and as weapons of war.

The ſame men, on opening a large prominence, that had the appearance of a barrow, contiguous to the above ſpot, diſcovered the remains of a camp kitchen, evidently deſigned for the purpoſes of cookery, as it contained ſeveral fire-places, a large quantity of wood aſhes, and many bones of different animals of food. This circular pile of ſtones was, at leaſt, ſix feet in height originally, but having by time fallen into the ſod, it at length became completely covered. In the centre of the excavation that remained was found a ſmall veſſel of unbaked earth, curiouſly diſſected all round, for the admiſſion of air, and ſuppoſed to have been uſed for the purpoſe of burning incenſe. This pile has been entirely removed, but there are two others adjacent that have not yet been explored. What favours the opinion of their being camp kitchens, is their vicinity to an old Roman camp on Wolfenbury-hill, where, on digging lately, were found three coins of the Emperor Conſtantine, in excellent preſervation.

A REFLECTION.

HOW apt are human beings to repine at their own ſituations, and to forget in how much more uncomfortable circumſtances thouſands of their fellow-creatures are! *A*

A HINT *to* EXTORTIONERS.

A Letter from Conſtantinople, dated in May, 1805, furniſhes the following inſtance of Turkiſh juſtice:—"The new grand vizier has given an example of vigorous execution of the laws. Having received information that many dealers in different articles of the neceſſaries of life ſold them at a higher price, and in leſs quantity, than is fixed by the laws, he ſet on foot a rigid examination, and ordered that all detected in ſuch practices ſhould be immediately hanged, without further proceſs, which ſentence has been carried into execution on ſeveral bakers, and a great number of other ſhopkeepers, who had been guilty of theſe impoſitions. The grand vizier has declared and proved by his conduct, that he will punctually fulfil the duties impoſed upon him by his office!"

If this mode of puniſhing extortion be conſidered as too ſevere, thoſe adopted in other countries are blameably lenient, and do not ſufficient check ſo enormous an evil. The prevalence of it operates very oppreſſively on the community, and a more patriotic act could not be performed than to deviſe a means to remedy the evil.

NAVAL ANECDOTE.

AFTER the battle of Camper Down, in October, 1797, as the Dutch admiral was aſcending the ſide of the Venerable, to do homage to the Britiſh conqueror, a ſailor, who had been on the watch ſome time, no ſooner ſaw De Winter mounting the veſſel, than he eagerly thruſt his head from an open port-hole, and exclaimed, "Mynheer Admiral, we have been long on the look-out for you, and I am glad to ſee you with all my heart; you will be kindly received on the quarter-deck, I am poſitive; ſo you ought to be, for you fought us like a dragon, and knocked us about with your balls like nine-pins, as you ought to do; for which I hope you will let me have the firſt ſhake of your honourable fiſt, ſeeing I have been ſtanding at this port-hole, on and off, for theſe two hours." De Winter preſented his hand, and the Engliſh ſailor received it very reſpectfully.

A QUESTION, *by a Meaſurer of Timber, &c.*

THE equal-baſed trunk of a tree, whoſe length was 36 feet, meaſured more by the true method than by the cuſtomary, $40,3^2$ feet: What is the girth of this tree, and the content thereof, both by the true and the cuſtomary method?

Anſwer, by A. B. to H. T. C.'s Charade, inſerted May 20.

BY your charade is plainly ſeen
A MUFFIN is the thing you mean.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from T. Whicker, and P. Gove, of Exeter; and Cornubia, of St. Teath.

Anſwer, by W. Bickham, Jun. of Aſhburton, to W. Mann's Charade, inſerted the 20th of May.

SWEET recollection brings paſt joys to mind,
Which in thy native *Vale* are quite refin'd;
To paint my feelings, at the parting hour,
Diction would fail, tho' eloquent its pow'r:
But friendſhip's flame I'll cherish in my heart,
And pour a VALEDICTION, ſigh and part.

*** W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton, has ſent a ſimilar anſwer.

Anſwer, by S. Moore, of Horſwell Houſe, to Recluſe's Rebus, inſerted May 27.

FAM'D SIMCOE is the general's name,
Whoſe deeds have gain'd immortal fame.

*** Similar anſwers have been received from Cornubia, of St. Teath; John Waldron, of Lyme Regis; W Gard, of Gittiſham; J Reynolds, jun. of Cullompton; T. Adey, of Poole; and J. Channon, of Ottery.

A REBUS, *by E. R. Bickham, of Newton Buſhel.*

AN element my firſt will make appear;
And for my next a vowel pray declare;
A fruit well known, kind gents. muſt next be ſought;
My laſt a fowl from foreign climes firſt brought:
For be my whole from Albion's favour'd iſle,
And may kind Heav'n e'er deign on us to ſmile.

A CHARADE, *by T. Rutger, of Clowance.*

ONCE more, ſagacious youths, I write,
Some myſtic theme to bring to light,
Which you'll, no doubt, reveal;
What oft is us'd by youth and age,
And what the bard doth oft engage,
My firſt doth faint conceal.

When pleas'd with nature's ſcenes I rove,
To yonder ſhaded flow'ry grove,
Then I my next behold,
Superbly deck'd with crimſon dies,
Gay bluſhing to the azure ſkies,
Its radiant ſweets unfold.

My whole's a place by nature plann'd,
Tho' not magnificent or grand,
Yet pleaſing, neat, and gay;
Tho' ſmall, yet boaſts a gen'rous ſhare
Of ſweet variety—and there
Helſtonians oft-times ſtray.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

STANZAS *to a* SHOWER.

HAIL gentle ſhower! inſpir'd by thee I ſing,
Once more the beauties of reviving ſpring;
Inſpir'd by thee the muſe with grateful fire,
With joys enraptur'd ſtrikes the trembling lyre.

Parch'd was the earth beneath the ſolar ray,
And drooping nature haſten'd to decay;
Ere yet her bloſſom'd tints of virgin hue,
Had ſcarce their ſparkling luſtre op'd to view.

While round the burſting clouds their bleſſings pour,
And languid nature all her charms reſtore;
How lovely thro' the pleaſing ſcene to view,
Her blooming ſweets their lively tints renew.

Delightful change! again the ſpringing fields,
With verdure cloath'd, paſture in plenty yield;
High waves the corn! while from the fruitful ground,
Thouſands of flowers ſpontaneous ſpring around.

Bright omen of almighty power divine!
While thro' the contemplative ſcene I view
Ten thouſand charms, in tenfold ſplendour ſhine;
Here let me muſe, while thoughtful I purſue,
To trace in nature's charms the flow'ry road,
That leads thro' nature up to nature's God.

Clowance. T. RUTGER.

The WATER-CRESS GIRL.

A BALLAD.

O! Think on one, whoſe artleſs woe
Flows not from fancy or from fiction,
For ah! my lot has been to know
The depths of ſorrow and affliction.
My ſorrows daily multiply,
And thus, 'till life's ſhort journey ceaſes,
Compel me day by day to cry,
"Come buy my young ſpring water-creſſes."

My father once in humble eaſe,
His peaceful family protected,
And fortune ſmil'd, 'till pale diſeaſe
Combin'd with loſſes unexpected;
'Twas then, with want and ſickneſs worn,
His conſtitution broke to pieces,
He died! and left me here to mourn,
And cry my young ſpring water-creſſes.

My mother then work'd hard for bread,
'Till age and pain her ſtrength impeded;

But

But ev'ry comfort then was fled,
And ev'ry woe as ſoon ſucceeded:
And now to ſad diſtreſs a prey,
Her mis'ry ev'ry day increaſes,
And I am forc'd from home to ſtray,
To cry my young ſpring water-creſſes.

Let then a hapleſs wand'rer's tale
To pity's boſom gain admittance:
O let the tears of woe prevail,
And grant, O grant the ſcanty pittance!
So ſhall my heart, 'till life's laſt cloſe
My anguiſh'd breaſt from pain releaſes,
Still throb with gratitude for thoſe
Who buy my young ſpring water-creſſes.

Iſlington, near London. JACQUES.

On VISITING *a* SCENE *in* ARGYLESHIRE.

By W. CAMPBELL.

AT the ſilence of twilight's contemplative hour,
I mus'd in a ſorrowful mood,
On the wind-ſhaken weeds that emboſom the bower,
Where the home of my forefathers ſtood;
All ruin'd and wild is their roofleſs abode,
And lonely the dark raven's ſheltering tree,
And travell'd by few is the graſs-cover'd road
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trod,
To his hills that encircle the ſea.

Yet wand'ring I found, on my ruinous walk,
By the dial-ſtone, aged and green,
One roſe of the wilderneſs left on its ſtalk,
To mark where a garden had been;
Like a brotherleſs hermit, the laſt of its race,
All wild in the ſilence of nature it drew
From each wand'ring ſun-beam a lonely embrace;
For the night-weed and thorn overſhadow'd the place
Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderneſs, emblem of all
That ſurvives in this deſolate heart,
The fabric of bliſs and its centre may fall,
But patience ſhall never depart;
Tho' the wilds of enchantment all vernal and bright,
In the days of deluſion, by fancy combin'd,
With the vaniſhing phantoms of love and delight,
Abandon my ſoul like a dream in the night,
And leave but a deſart behind.

Be huſh'd my dark ſpirit, for wiſdom condemns,
When the faint and the feeble deplore;
Be ſtrong as the rock of the ocean, that ſtems
A thouſand wild waves of the ſhore.
Thro' the peril of chance, and the ſcowl of diſdain,
May thy front be unalter'd, thy courage elate!
Ah! even the name I have worſhipp'd in vain
Shall awake not the ſigh of remembrance again—
To bear is to conquer our fate.

June, 1802.